

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

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"How is that poor little Mary girl getting along?" asked Mrs. Selwin.

"She is still delirious, and the most tragic part of it all is that she still keeps calling for Jack, apparently forgetting the sadness and grief of her later married years and only remembering the joy and happiness of those first brief months of honeymoon."

"It is a merciful fate that gives one only the faculty to remember happy things, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Selwin. "After Mary comes back to herself she will only think of Jack as he was when he appeared as her Prince Charming."

"That is what troubles me, my dear Mrs. Selwin. I am afraid she will blame herself too much for this terrible occurrence."

"Yes, she will probably have many sad hours of remorse and she will probably take herself to task many times for things she might have done—little things she might have forgiven."

"Do you know, Mrs. Selwin, I don't believe in remorse or in wishing I had done differently, neither do I believe that those people speak truthfully who say, had I my life to live over again I would live very differently. We would probably do just the same if we were placed in the same circumstances. If I had my life to live over I know that I would do just the same things—yes, even make the same mistakes, perhaps."

"I don't believe I would be good to a man who was habitually unkind to me, however. Why, Jack has struck Mary—think of it! If I were she, I would be glad he was dead, and I'd own up to myself, at least, that I was glad. You see, I haven't any of that 'turning the other cheek' in me."

"Margie, dear, that is the intolerance of youth that is speaking."

"Women habitually and metaphor-

ically 'turn the other cheek' and often when they do, they shame their husbands into giving them a kiss or its equivalent. I am not blaming Mary at all, my dear. I think she is a dear girl and has had more than her share of trouble, but I am sure that when she comes to herself she will find plenty of times when she could have made things go easier had she been more tolerant."

"That is what your experience has taught you, my dear Mrs. Selwin, but don't you think that sometimes there are wives who err on the side of tolerance? I can't be forever nagging, but I sometimes think that for the sake of peace I sometimes let things pass with little comment that I should make a fuss about."

"I wonder if I have ever told you the story about a friend of Dick's whose wife would never find any fault with him and she forgave him time after time, until one night she came home unexpectedly from a visit at her mother's and found a strange woman occupying her bedroom."

"This was almost too much, so she came over to tell her troubles to Dick and me and have us suggest a lawyer. At the very last she wound up with, 'Of course, I want to see Earl happy.'"

"How Dick has laughed over that story, but to me it has seemed terrible, for it told me just how hard it is for a woman to decide which is the right thing to do."

"Come, let us go back to our lords and masters," urged Mrs. Selwin, after she had both smiled and sighed over my story.

We found the men deep in a business discussion. They had not missed us and, although we came to their rescue with the money they needed so badly, yet, I am sure, that neither of them would have considered for an instant that we could have helped them with business advice.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)